GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS

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THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

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"TOWER WARDERS, UNDER ORDERS, GALLANT PIKEMEN, VALIANT SWORDERS!"

The costume of the Warders of London Tower has changed little since Gilbert and Sullivan arranged for Colonel Fairfax, falsely accused hero of *Yeomen of the Guard*, to don its archaic blue and red for a dramatic hoax. To escape death in the "wicked Tower," which threatened him like a cruel giant in a fairy tale, he masqueraded as a Yeoman Warder and helped guard his empty cell until his pardon came. In their ruffs, Henry VIII coats, and "beef-eater" hats, they enact a perpetual pageant of the sixteenth century in modern London (see Bulletin No. 2).

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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General Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Buenos Aires, City of Superlatives

WHAT is the world's largest Spanish-speaking city? Madrid? No, Buenos Aires. What is the third largest city in the New World? Not Detroit or Philadelphia. Buenos Aires. Where is the world's largest meat-refrigerating plant? Chicago? Wrong again. Buenos Aires! And that's only a beginning.

Superlatives crowd fast upon one another when one begins to describe the wealthy, hustling capital of Argentina, where the Inter-American Conference is scheduled to open on December 1.

Buenos Aires, "city of good airs," though little known to most North Americans, is one of the great cities of the world. Sprawling far over wide, flat prairies like Chicago; busy seaport and hurrying business mart like New York; center of art, culture, and gaiety like Paris, Buenos Aires rolls them all into one and adds a flavoring dash of the Argentine pampas that makes her different from them all.

Now Spring in Argentina

It is more miles from New York to Buenos Aires than from San Francisco to Tientsin, China, but miles mean little today. You can fly down to Buenos Aires in five days, or pick up your telephone and talk to anyone there without leaving the room. But don't ask your Argentine listener how he's enjoying the autumn weather. In Buenos Aires now it's spring!

Stop the steady flow of ships to and from Buenos Aires and millions elsewhere soon would feel the pinch of hunger. Wheat, beef, pork, mutton, and butter roll in a steady stream from the vast pampas of the Argentine into Buenos Aires; thence out again to the markets of the world.

A single ranch among the many that feed their products into Buenos Aires has been known to possess 50,000 cattle, 25,000 hogs, and 1,200 horses. Four thousand pounds of butter are shipped daily to England. Railroads and waterways spread fanlike into the hinterland from Buenos Aires to bring in the agricultural products that are the chief source of its amazing wealth. Its world-record size refrigerating plant can handle 5,000 cattle and 10,000 sheep a day.

One of Main Streets Closed at Tea Time

Ships move in a steady procession 125 miles up from the mouth of the mighty and muddy Rio de la Plata (river of silver) to Buenos Aires, standing on the flat river bank only 30 feet above high water level. Though one of the world's greatest ports, with traffic rivalling the Panama Canal, it has no natural harbor. The river at Buenos Aires is so wide that you cannot see across it except from a high building on a very clear day, but so shallow that ships formerly had to anchor miles from shore. Now two dredged channels lead vessels from midstream direct to great docks and ship basins that line the busy waterfront.

On shore, Buenos Aires is laid out in checkerboard style, with 100 parks and magnificent broad avenues (see illustration, next page). Like Washington, D. C., it occupies a federal district separate from the provinces. Despite rapid growth it is a "planned" city, except in the older sections.

Narrow streets, now lined with tall buildings, are choked to capacity with traffic, but in one of the most congested, Calle Florida, the long-suffering pedestrian gets a break every afternoon at 4 p. m.! At that hour all vehicles are barred from the street for four hours, and fashionable Buenos Aires parades on sidewalks and in the street on its way to tea (which often is coffee).

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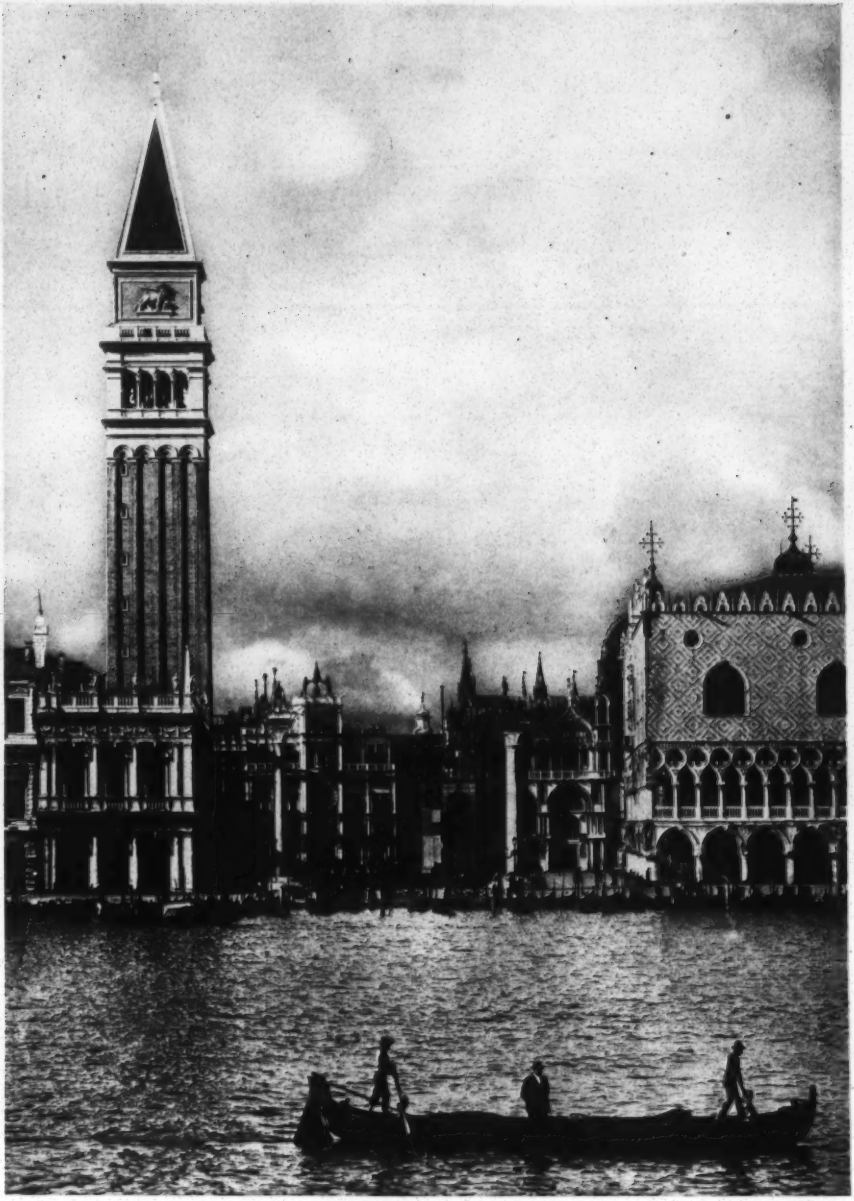

Photograph by Anderson

HAPPY LANDING FOR *THE GONDOLIERS*

The ornate Doge's Palace on the right and the rebuilt Campanile, or bell tower, on the left, frame the famous "back drop" against which Gilbert and Sullivan set the festive nonsense of their Venetian comic opera, *The Gondoliers*. (It was pronounced "Gone Dollars" for a while after its early failure in the United States.) Gondoliers of today sing less and work harder than their operatic ancestors, to compete with motor boats. The craft in the foreground is a work boat, as its length and rudder indicate. Gondolas, some with protective awnings, are tied up at brightly colored poles, called *pali*, at the landing. On the Campanile appears the Winged Lion of St. Mark, the insignia of Venice (see Bulletin No. 2).

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Footlight Geography by Gilbert and Sullivan

WITH music, mirth, and expressions of glee, the centenary of William S. Gilbert is hailed this month. It was Gilbert who always had a phrase for it in the words-and-music team of Gilbert and Sullivan.

The light operas of this pair of musical Mutt-and-Jeffs still play to Standing Room Only. Merrily they challenge modern civilization, as they did that of mid-Victorian days. For sixty years they have made fun of the hasty breach of promise suit, the reformer whose ideas for the millennium don't work, the devious ways in which notables attain their high position, warrior women in arms against tyrannic man, and the republican patriot who didn't object to Royalists if he could be the king.

From Cornwall to Japan, Gilbert and Sullivan have dramatized the map. They have bounded countries anew with miles of music score, decorated them with castles, flowers, and lagoons, and populated them with soldiers, pirates, and prima donnas. The result is a mirage, slightly topsy-turvy, which is often more widely recognized than the reality.

English Villagers Singing Around a Moated Castle

Travelers-by-tune thus have bought theater tickets to an England of rural bliss, where villagers, led by a pale young curate, sing choruses in public around a moated castle for a lord as thoroughly blue blood as Sangazure implies. Light opera Spain has its poor but incorporated Duke of Plaza-Toro, a Grand Inquisitor who recalls the Inquisition's method of jogging memories with a mild dose of torture, and a double-crossing nursemaid, wife of a highly respectable brigand who carries on an extensive practice in the mountains around Córdoba.

The Venice of Gilbert and Sullivan is a playground where every sound is a song and every flower is a rose. On the Piazzetta, between the thousand columns of the creamy Doge's Palace and the green Lagoon (see illustration, page 2), gondoliers and flower-girls play blind-man's-buff, which nets the scrambled twin heroes a pretty wife apiece. Beribboned gondoliers start the day with carols, spend it lazily lagooning, and close it with soft serenading to the thrum of mandolins.

Half a century ago *The Mikado* pushed the Orient's newly open door a trifle wider, and rivaled paper fans or painted silk screens brought back in clipper ships as a source of popular impressions about Japan. In the trim little town of Titipu governmental dignity was soberly maintained, even though the title of Lord High Executioner was conferred on a tailor taken from the county jail. Gilbert and Sullivan enriched the English language and the realm of politics with Pooh-Bah, a one-man brain trust, who served the Mikado as a sneering Lord Chief Justice, First Lord of the Treasury, Lord High Admiral, and Groom of the Back Stairs.

A Musical Japan Suspiciously Like a British Summer Resort

Clever people, too, these Japanese of Gilbert and Sullivan. Since flirting was a capital offense, they chose a condemned prisoner for executioner, who would not lop off another's head till first he'd cut off his own. Royal romance was permitted to blossom in privacy, with the Prince disguised as a Second Trombone in the town band. The Japan of the footlights, however, was less like the Japan beyond the seas than like a British summer resort, with afternoon concerts and a seasonal influx of little maids from boarding school (see illustration, next page).

Teutonic mid-Europe is revealed, by these musical diplomats, as the Grand Duchy of Pfennig-Helbpfennig, where everyone who discusses the conspiracy against the pfennig-pinching Grand Duke must first give the high sign by eating a sausage, hungry or not. The public square, surrounded by houses unrepaired since the fifteenth century, is designated by law as an official courtship plaza, to boost rentals and encourage the sale of opera glasses, a state monopoly.

Portsmouth, on England's southern coast, has been a headquarters of traditions of the Queen's "Navee" since Elizabeth's ships whipped the Spanish Armada, but it has hardly ever harbored a jollier crew than the sober, sober men and true of the *H. M. S. Pinafore.* This saucy song ship has cruised the bright blue seas to many countries, and captivated more imaginations than the *Flying Dutchman.* With flags and guns and pennants dipping, and sailors sprightly in the rigging, it has even triumphed in the elephantine tank of New York's Hippodrome Theater.

Soon after its tuneful launching, 42 different crews in the United States alone were hearing that the First Lord of the Admiralty had polished handles "so carefullee that he

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With a population fast approaching 2,250,000, Buenos Aires is busily widening streets, extending diagonal avenues, and lengthening subway lines already in service. Nearly one-fifth of all the people in Argentina live there. The city in many ways would make an American feel at home, for he would find not only modern subways but air-conditioned theaters, a 30-story skyscraper, tallest in South America, many movies (shown free in some restaurants), a financial center that resembles Wall Street itself, and enterprising newspapers full of world news in every important language.

Note: Additional photographs and descriptions of Buenos Aires can be found in the following: "Flying the Hump of the Andes," *National Geographic Magazine*, May, 1931; "Skypaths Through Latin America," March, 1931; "Flying the World's Longest Air-Mail Route," March, 1930; "Buenos Aires to Washington by Horse," February, 1929; "By Seaplane to Six Continents," September, 1928; "How Latin America Looks from the Air," October, 1927; and "Buenos Aires and Its River of Silver," October, 1921.

Bulletin No. 1, November 30, 1936.

Photograph by Major Albert W. Stevens

THE WHITE HOUSE OF BUENOS AIRES IS A PINK HOUSE

In stately parade, from foreground to distance, government buildings occupy places of honor in Buenos Aires. The Plaza Colón leads off in the immediate foreground, with a monument to Christopher Columbus in the center. Just beyond stands the rambling Casa Rosada, as the pinkish Presidential Palace is popularly called. Then comes the spacious Plaza de Mayo (named for the month of May in which Argentina won independence from Spain), flanked by the Banco de Nación and the Cathedral. From the Plaza the broad Avenida de Mayo, lined with fine hotels, clubs, cafés, and business buildings, extends more than a mile to the Plaza Congreso, where rises the dimly-outlined dome of the Hall of Congress, which resembles the Capitol at Washington. This building has been designated as the site of the Conference.

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Sark, the Last Purely Feudal State in the World

IN THIS day when democracy, fascism, socialism, communism, and even anarchism fill the news from abroad, it is strange to be reminded that a miniature feudal State flourishes in Europe within a few hours' journey of London and Paris.

The island of Sark, where sixteenth-century laws are still in force, has been mentioned in American newspapers recently because its overlords, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Hathaway, known in their island realm as the Seigneur and Dame of Sark, are visiting relatives in the United States.

In a communication to the National Geographic Society, Sibyl Hathaway (La Dame de Serk) describes some of the interesting features of this tiny land where time, to a large extent, has stood still.

Fourth Largest of Channel Islands

"Situated in the English Channel, Sark is the fourth largest of England's Channel Islands," Mrs. Hathaway writes. "It is three and one-half miles long and one and a half miles wide; and yet, because of its numerous coves and bays, it has 35 miles of coast.

"The cliffs, rising on all sides, are covered with rock plants and flowers, while below are sandy bays and caves, whose sea-hewn walls are covered with seaweeds and sea anemones of every color of the rainbow. On the beaches may be found semi-precious stones, such as amethysts, cat's-eyes, and moonstones. And we are not without minerals; at one time mines produced copper, silver, and antimony.

"On landing at our harbor, which is one of the smallest in the world, the visitor finds himself entirely surrounded by steep cliffs. The only means of access to the island from here is by a road passing through a tunnel 200 feet long (see illustration, next page). A steep, winding road leads to the center of the island, where there are a few small shops and four hotels.

"The highway continues to La Coupée, where the island is divided into two parts, Great Sark and Little Sark, joined by a natural causeway of rock nearly 300 feet high and 415 feet long, across which runs a road just wide enough for one cart.

Once Haunt of Pirates

"In spite of its minute size, Sark has a long history. Its written records begin in A.D. 565, and there is ample evidence of occupation in the Stone Age. Sark later became the haunt of pirates, said to be from Scotland. It was occupied by the French early in the sixteenth century, but was wrested from them by a ruse, the details of which are told by Sir Walter Raleigh, who was Governor of Jersey some fifty years later:

" 'A Flemish vessel arrived off the coast, and the sailors pretended that their captain was dead and asked leave to bring his body ashore for burial. Permission being granted, they carried the coffin up the hill to the little old church of Saint Magloire. They opened the coffin, which was full of arms, and turned on the French garrison, killing some and taking the rest prisoners.'

"Soon after this the island was again deserted, until from nearby Jersey arose the man who was finally to establish the present constitution of Sark. To Sir Helier de Carteret, in 1565, Queen Elizabeth granted the island conditionally by letters patent under the great seal of England.

"This royal grant gave to Sir Helier and his successors almost unlimited powers on condition that he colonize the island with forty families. Each man was

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became the Ruler of the Queen's Navee." From Portsmouth, with his sisters and his cousins whom he reckons up by dozens, and his aunts, he still sails out to remind *Pinafore's* crew to mind their manners, and in Spithead, the channel outside Portsmouth, Little Buttercup the bum-boat girl sells her oranges.

A different flag was hoisted by Gilbert and Sullivan over another crew: The black flag with skull and crossbones of *Pirates of Penzance*. Although largely written in New York City, the play utilizes the caves and coves of Cornwall's rocky coast to shelter a unique lawless band, who were too softhearted to make piracy pay. Like the true Britons that they were, they loved the Queen in spite of their lawlessness and gave up quietly to policemen, whose lot for once was not an unhappy one.

Cornwall still contains ruined chapels with broken Gothic arches, like that in which a General confesses to the graves of his ancestors-by-purchase that he tricked the sympathetic orphan pirates into releasing him by claiming to be an orphan, too. The music from one ditty in this opera later received a new set of words, and is now familiarly known as "Hail, hail, the gang's all here."

Cornwall supplies also the superstitious atmosphere used by Gilbert and Sullivan for the fishing town of Rederring in *Ruddigore*. Here a witch's curse imposes wickedness on generations of big, bad baronets, it is tunefully said, and family portraits in haunted Ruddigore Castle come to life at midnight.

The London of Gilbert and Sullivan is a city of landmarks, with outlying Arcadian suburbs which even Baedeker couldn't find now. To the solemn walls of Westminster Hall itself, *Iolanthe* sends a fairy Member to Parliament. The Palace Yard gets the surprise of many lifetimes when the Lord Chancellor and Peers surrender to the fairies, and even the guard in the sentry box at the foot of the clock tower wears wings.

The grim Tower of London echoes to sentimental duets instead of dirges and the quaint Tudor uniform of the "beef-eaters," in the *Yeomen of the Guard*, serves the cause of Cupid by aiding the disguise and escape of a falsely convicted prisoner (see illustration, page one).

Blank spaces on the Gilbert and Sullivan map are filled in with delightful island Utopias which never existed, where virtue triumphs more regularly than it does anywhere else except on the stage.

Note: Description of scenery which served as background for Gilbert and Sullivan's operas can be found in the following: "Friendly Journeys in Japan" (*The Mikado*), April, 1936; "Venice, Home City of Marco Polo" (*The Gondoliers*), November, 1928; "London from a Bus Top" (*Iolanthe* and *Yeomen of the Guard*), May, 1926; and "Char-á-Bancs in Cornwall" (*Pirates of Penzance* and *Ruddigore*), December, 1924.

Bulletin No. 2, November 30, 1936.

Photograph by Kiyoshi Sakamoto

MODERN "YUM-YUMS" AND "PITTI-SINGS"

Wearing the typical bright butterfly-sleeved kimonos which captivated audiences of *The Mikado*, these schoolgirls of modern Japan learn something of the artistic background of their country. One of them is painting her version of the design in the foreground, made as a model by their teacher.

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San Francisco and Oakland Joined by Bay Bridge

AUTOMOBILES are now rolling across the costliest bridge in the world—the series of suspension, cantilever, and viaduct spans that link San Francisco with its important neighbor across the bay, Oakland. Completed at a cost of $77,000,000, the Trans-Bay bridge is expected to handle 12,600,000 motor passengers and 35,640,000 electric train passengers each year, although interurban railroad facilities will not be ready for use until 1938. Twenty-four workmen lost their lives during the building of the bridge, and 1,157 were injured.

The length of the new bridge is more than eight miles, and part of it spans the longest stretch of navigable water ever hurdled—four and one-half miles.

A unique feature of the project is a 1,667-foot double-decked tunnel through a hill on Yerba Buena Island, a "stepping stone" taken in the bridge's giant strides across the bay.

Series of Bridge and Other Engineering Projects

Situated on the end of a long peninsula, San Francisco has always been separated from Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, and other attractive suburban areas by San Francisco Bay. Across this expanse, haunted by Pacific Fleet battleships and screaming sea gulls, speedy ferries have shuttled back and forth in fair weather or fog, carrying annually 35,900,000 pedestrians and about 10,000,000 more people in 4,490,000 vehicles.

For years, commuters, tired of changing from street car to ferry, or of inching their automobiles on and off crowded ferries, have dreamed of a speedier, simpler trip—via a bridge linking the eastern shore with the city. Today their dream has come true. From homes across the bay, automobile owners can drive without a single transfer direct to their places of business in San Francisco.

The new San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, opened November 12, which makes this possible, is in reality a series of connected bridges and other engineering projects. So smooth is their continuity that drivers speeding over them will hardly realize when they pass from one type of span or approach to another. From Oakland motorists ascend viaducts over the land, cross a bridge of cantilever and truss construction, travel along Yerba Buena Island, shoot through a tunnel, glide out on two suspension bridges, and then descend long ramps leading to the city.

Enough Steel To Build 35 Skyscrapers

The roadway is double-decked. On the upper deck are six parallel lanes for automobiles. On the lower deck are three lanes for trucks and two for electric trains. Engineers estimate that 8,000,000 automobiles and trucks will cross the bridge annually at the rate of about 15,000 an hour during traffic peaks.

From the bay the colossal structure may appear like fragile lacework; yet enough steel and concrete has been used in its construction to build thirty-five large skyscrapers. The double-decked tunnel through Yerba Buena Island would clear a five-story building. The central anchorage for the two suspension spans was formed by sinking and filling with concrete the largest caisson ever built.

The bridge's maximum ship clearance is 218 feet above the surface of low water, and so strong are its supports that the biggest battleship afloat, striking one of them, would not injure it, but might itself be crumpled.

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equipped with a musket for the defense of the island; so that to this day it is often spoken of as 'the island of the forty,' and even now, when a farm changes hands, it is still cited as one of the conditions that a man with a musket shall be kept on the farm.

"Though the De Carteret family still owns the Manor of Saint-Ouen, in Jersey, Sark passed out of its hands when, in 1732, it was sold, with all of its rights and privileges, and eventually came to my great-grandmother in 1852.

"My house, or 'Seigneurie,' lies in a sheltered part of the island, and, like all the old houses, is built of gray granite. The original or main part of the house, dating from 1565, stands on the site of an old monastery, and, no doubt, many of the stones used to build it were taken from the ruins.

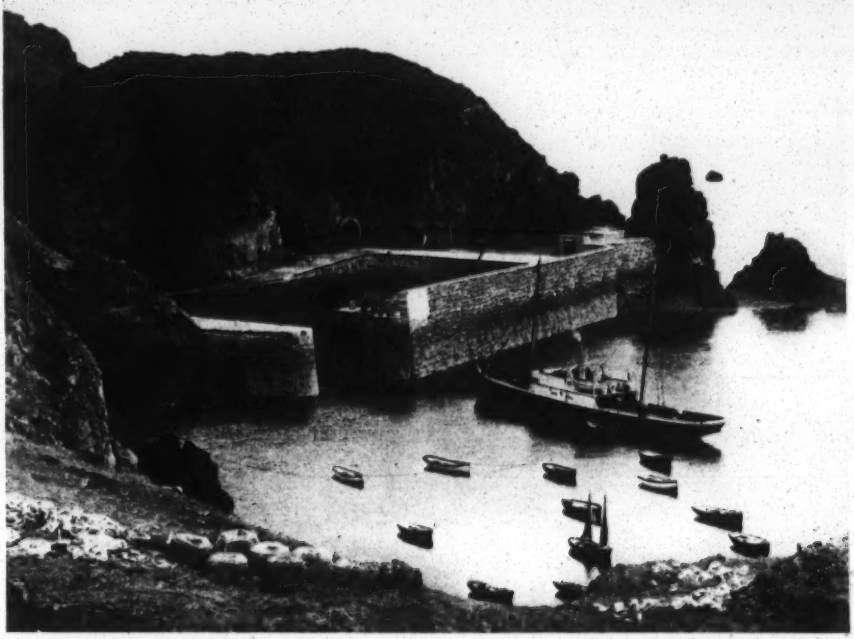
"Great privileges are always accompanied by grave responsibilities, so that our home is the clearing house of all island controversy. Discussions take place on subjects which range from whether bathers shall wear beach pajamas to whether the Chief Pleas shall pass a measure to deal with diseases among our cattle.

"Our Parliament is called the Chief Pleas. It sits three times a year unless called by me in an emergency. Over this Parliament, my husband, the Seigneur, and I preside, the members being the forty holders of the farms allotted originally in 1565, plus twelve deputies elected among the rest of the inhabitants.

"Here we make all our own laws and regulations, and are subject to no imperial taxation at all, and only to such special legislation as may be enacted by order of His Majesty the King in Council."

Note: See also "Feudal Isle of Sark," *National Geographic Magazine*, July, 1932; and "The Channel Islands," August, 1920.

Bulletin No. 3, November 30, 1936.



Photograph from La Dame De Serk

STEAMERS MAY ENTER SARK'S TINY HARBOR ONLY AT HIGH TIDE

Nature's battlements—rugged cliffs and pounding surf—completely encircle the world's only feudal State, so aptly described by the poet Swinburne as being "on the wrathful woful marge of earth and sea." While passengers on the boat from Guernsey await the tide they may see the tunnel that leads to the center of the island and (in the foreground) some of the lobster pots used by Sark fishermen.

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Montserrat, Spain's Monastery "White House"

CABLE dispatches from Spain early in November report that President Manuel Azaña left Barcelona and has taken up residence at Montserrat.

Montserrat is the name of a fantastic mountain pass that rises abruptly to a height of 3,000 feet from the rolling foothills of Cataluña. It is also the name of a famous monastery, which clings like a swallow's nest halfway up the steep slopes of the mountain, about 35 miles northwest of Barcelona. It was to this monastery that President Azaña retired, setting up a temporary Spanish "White House."

Shrine of the Black Virgin

For centuries the medieval Benedictine monastery of Montserrat has been the Nation's most famous shrine, to which thousands of the Spanish faithful made pilgrimage each year to pay homage to what is called the Black Virgin. This wooden image, darkened by age, is not, however, the only source of Montserrat's fame. Montserrat, in Catalan tradition, is the Montsalvatsh or Monsalvat of the Middle Ages, site of the castle of the Holy Grail.

The Arabs called it Gistaus, or the stone watchman. Here Ignatius of Loyola, a wounded soldier, knelt in prayer, and went away to found the Society of Jesus. In more recent years the Montserrat choir school has become celebrated.

Montserrat is accessible to Barcelona by both railway and road. One way is as picturesque and as spectacular as the other; for, while the highway climbs to the Monastery in a series of hairpin turns and horseshoe curves, the last few miles of the 35-mile railway journey may be made on a narrow-gauge rack-and-pinion line, or in the bobbing cage of a new aerial cableway.

Not until the rail traveller is very close to Montserrat does the mountain come into view. The train emerges from a tunnel and suddenly a giant mass of rock seems to spring from the foothills, flinging a thousand cathedral pinnacles skyward! As the train swings closer, so that only a deep river valley separates it from the Brobdingnagian mass, a fantastic stone forest of smoothly weathered domes, sugar loaves, minarets, and organ pipes is silhouetted against the sky.

Buildings Fill a Notch in Mountain Side

At Monistrol Station one changes from the main line to the rack-and-pinion railway for the last five miles of the journey. Five miles! It is incredible that so great a distance remains! The clear air of Cataluña lends an illusion of nearness.

The group of monastery buildings snugly fills a notch or narrow ravine cut deep into the mountain side (see illustration, next page). A thousand feet above it, the topmost pinnacles of the mountain rise menacingly, but the notch is safe enough, a perfect place for a hermitage. On the side toward the station the buildings are tall, one dormitory being eight stories high. The group resembles nothing so much as a large stone resort hotel, except that the roofs are surmounted by stone crosses.

While most of the present buildings are comparatively new, the Monastery itself dates from A.D. 976; and legend reports that a nunnery that preceded it was founded in 880. So faithfully have the monks followed the lines of the older parts of the Monastery in making additions that even the new garage, for modern pilgrims who come by motor, has an age-old air of permanence. There is no embellishment anywhere, except on the chapel, with its rounded apse.

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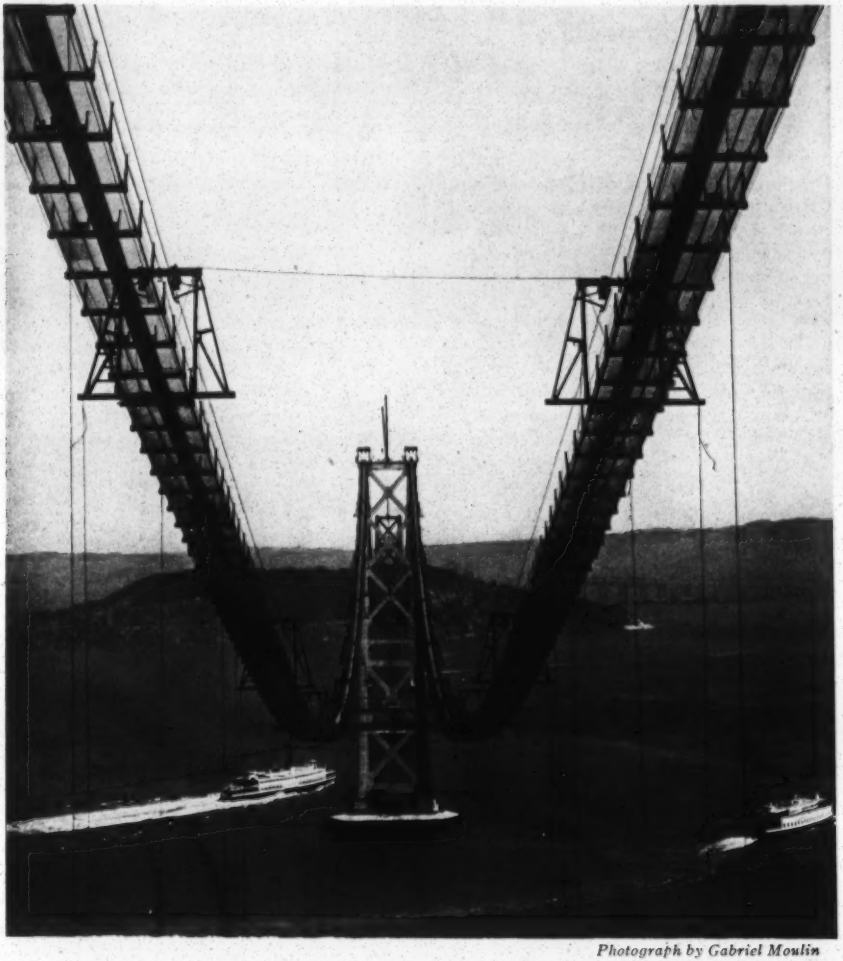
Big as the Trans-Bay bridge is, some of its dimensions are exceeded by the nearby Golden Gate span, still under construction. The latter is the longest suspension bridge in the world. In one great leap of 4,200 feet it crosses the historic Golden Gate. Its towers are as high as a sixty-five story building. Its roadway is suspended from gigantic cables, each of which is spun from 27,572 wires compressed together in a unit. To gain an idea of the tremendous strength of the cables, they are capable of supporting a load equal to that of the three super-liners, *Queen Mary, Normandie,* and *Rex.*

Note: For an aerial photograph showing the completed bridge see page 670, "Flying the Pacific," December, 1936, *National Geographic Magazine.* See also "Bridges, from Grapevine to Steel," March, 1936; and "Out in San Francisco," April, 1932.

Bulletin No. 4, November 30, 1936.



Photograph by Gabriel Moulin

EVEN IN CONSTRUCTION THE TRANS-BAY BRIDGE WAS IMPRESSIVE

Where loose wire ends hang from curving cables is now solid roadway, bearing hundreds of automobiles en route from San Francisco to Oakland. In the middle distance looms Yerba Buena Island. Dimly to the right can be seen other sections of the huge bridge project leading to Oakland. The fleet ferries in the foreground still compete for pedestrian commuter traffic.

According to legend, the Black Virgin was carved by St. Luke himself and brought to Barcelona A.D. 50 by St. Peter. During the Moorish invasion and occupation it was hidden by Christian monks in one of the caves of Montserrat near the site of the present Monastery. Years later shepherds discovered it and told stories of strange music heard in the vicinity.

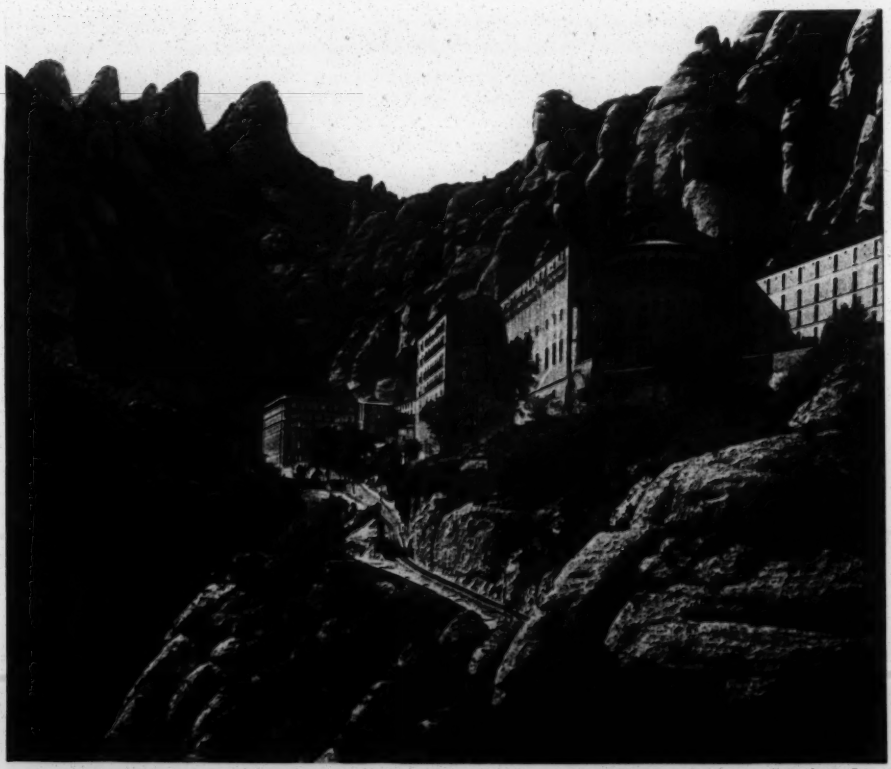
An effort was made to bring it down from the mountains, but, although the statue is not quite life-size, the shepherds reported that it could not be moved beyond the ledge where the Monastery now stands. The Basilica, accordingly, was erected to protect it, and the Monastery built to care for the throngs of pilgrims who climbed the mountain to worship at the Virgin's shrine. Especially do young couples come to Montserrat, for the blessings of *La Moreneta,* as the image is called, is said to insure a happy union.

Note: This most famous of Spanish shrines is described and illustrated in "Montserrat, Spain's Mountain Shrine," *National Geographic Magazine,* January, 1933.

Additional material about Cataluña will be found in "Turbulent Spain," October, 1936; and "Barcelona, Pride of the Catalans," March, 1929.

See also in the GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS: "Spain—Country of Contrasts and Contradictions," week of October 5, 1936; "Sitges—Playground of Spain's Catalonia," week of May 4, 1936; and "Catalonia, the Workshop of Spain," October 29, 1934.

Bulletin No. 5, November 30, 1936.



Photograph courtesy I. T. & T. Co.

FANTASTIC ROCKS LOOK DOWN ON THE MONASTERY OF MONTSERRAT

Snugly the buildings of this most famous of Spanish shrines fill a notch half-way up the steep flanks of an immense serrated mountain mass. The rack-and-pinion railway tunnels under the shoulder of rock in the foreground to reach the gate. The smoothly weathered pinnacle just above the terminal of the line is known as "The Liberty Cap." It can be reached by a funicular, or inclined railway.

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